

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
 They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
 Cease me friends.
 I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
 Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
 And doe such businesse as the bitter day
 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
 O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
 The soule of *Nor* enter this firme bosome!
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
 My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
 Now in my words someuer she be shent,
 So giue them scales neuer my soule consent.

Exit,

Enter King, Roseneraus, and Gylidensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
 To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
 Your commission will forth-with dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you,
 The termes of our estate may not endure
 Hazerd so neer's as doth hourly grow,
 Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
 Most holy and religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
 Withall the strength and armour of the mind
 To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
 That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
 The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
 Does not alone; but like a gulse doth draw
 That's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
 Set on the somnet of the highest mount,
 Whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
 The mortcist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Prince of Denmark

Each small annexment, pety cons
 Attends the boystrous raine, neuer
 Did the King sigh, but a generall
King. Arme you I pray you to
 For we will fetters put about this
 Which now goes too free-footed
Ros. We will haue vs.

Enter

Pol. My Lord, he's going to
 Behind the Arras I'll conuay my
 To here the proffesse, I'll warrant
 And as you said, and wisely was i
 'Tis meete that some more audier
 Since nature makes them partiall
 The speech of vantage; fare you
 I'll call vpon you ere you goe to
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks deere my Lord
 O my offence is rancke, it smels to
 It hath the primall eldest curse vp
 A brothers murther, pray can I n
 Though inclination be as sharp a
 My stronger guilt defeats my stro
 And like a man to double busine
 I stand in pause where I shall first
 And both neglect: what if this cu
 Were thicker then it selfe with b
 Is there not raine enough in the
 To wash it white as snow? where
 But to confront the visage of off
 And what's in praier but this two
 To be forestalled ere we come to
 Or pardon being downe, then I l
 My faults is past, but oh! what for
 Can serue my turne? forgive me n
 That cannot be since I am still po
 Of those affects for which I did t
 My Crowne, mine owne ambitio